Algier Slaves Releasment:

OR, *The Unchangeable Boat-Swain.*

No Prison like the Jayl of Love,
nor no such torments found;
To those that loyal mean to prove,
whose loves are firm and sound;
This loyal person ne'r would change,
like a true Lover he;
Indur'd his Fetters and his Chains,
and *Betty's* Captive be.

To the Tune of, *Awake, Oh my* Cloris.

OF a Constant Young Seaman,
a Story I'le tell:
That I hope all true Lovers
will please very well:
All his cry was still, though
I continue a Slave;
Yet the want of my Dear.
is far worse than a Grave,

All the tedious long Night
in close Prison I lye;
But methinks I behold
my dear love lying by:
In the mid'st of my pains,
this doth still give me ease;
That is pleasant to me,
which some call a Disease.

Sometimes to the Gallies
I'm forced to go;
Though amongst all my Fellows,
like a Slave I do Row:
And when I am spent
with this Labour and Pain;
The thoughts of my Love
doth revive me again.

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AND when with Strappadoes
sometimes I do meet:
I find little Pain,
if I think on my Sweet:
Thus 'twixt Pleasure and Pain,
my time I do spend;
Yet vow to be Constant
unto my Lives end.

No Torture nor Prison
shall make me forsake,
Nor flye from my Reason,
for my Betty's sake:
I do slight all the Torments
bestow'd by the Turk;
When I think on my Dear,
and in Gallies do work.

But a Renegado
to make me they strive;
I'le never content to't,
whilst I am alive:
But will a Couragious
true Protestant be:
I'le be true to my faith,
and be constant to thee.

Ah Betty, when Billows
do Rage and do Roar,
For want of thy sight
I am troubled sore:
Whilst others are troubled
with terror and fear;
Yet I am chear'd up
with the thoughts of my Dear.

No Prison is like
to the want of thy sight;
Which Locks up my bliss,
for thou art my Delight:
Though distant I am,
therefore only oppress;
Yet still my dear Betty
doth lodge in my breast.

In the midst of my sorrows,
whilst others do mourn;
'Tis the want of my Love
that doth make me forlorn:
Yet would not enjoy thee
in this cursed place;
Though for want of thy Love,
my tears trickle apace.

But be of good cheer,
for every one knows,
'Tis an ill Wind indeed
that no comfort blows.
And again I do hope
thee in England to see:
Then who'l be so happy
as Betty and me.

And now thorough Providence,
I am return'd;
By Shipwrack I scap'd,
for our Ship it was burn'd:
No torment like mine was,
when I was a Slave;
For the want of my *Betty*,
was worse then a Grave.

FINIS.

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